

## Home Circle.

### THE BEST HUSBAND.

He is a good husband who makes himself his children's playmate. He is a better husband who makes his wife his *confidante*, every time—tells her the truth, the whole truth, always. He is the best husband when he has a wife who works with him shoulder to shoulder—when, hand locked in hand, husband and wife travel down life's path toward one destination. He is the ideal husband who looks upon marriage as a duet, the merging of two individualities into perfect harmony.

But I am in no sense an authority on this subject. I am an unmarried man, and yet that very fact, I'm told, is why I am singled out to answer this question. Be it remembered, then, that I speak about husbands simply as an onlooker.

I have said that a good husband makes himself his children's playmate. I specify this qualification because so few men are "good" in this respect. Of course, the mother is naturally the children's play-mate; for, except in the case of fashionable society women—who, by the way, are often misrepresented—the mothers are with their children constantly. But in the case of the father, especially if he is a business man, it is different. Anxious to rush to his office early in the morning, he leaves the house before the children come down to breakfast. Rushing home after the day's work, absorbed in his multitudinous affairs, he is either too worried to play with the children, or he rushes off to the theatre to enjoy, at a rush, an hour or two of amusement. Home again, of course the children are in bed. So the little ones, and for that matter the big ones, too, whom he really dotes upon, he sees only on Sundays. The children, on their part, when papa enters the room, immediately smother their happy laugh and prattle in a whisper!

But behold the home where the children are accustomed to welcome papa as a great big playmate. They spring to him joyously, climb upon his knee, ramble round his shoulders and over his head, go to bed in rollicking glee, while papa has drowned dull care in the romp.

The husband makes his wife his *confidante*. Even though one withhold or misrepresent matters to his wife so she won't worry, it is generally a mistake. It leads to jealousy, suspicion and cruel disappointment for her, and to error and trouble, and often to crime for him. Men are most prone to do this in time of financial straits. The wife, quite unawares, spends money as freely as usual, making

things all the worse in the end. If a man be not rich, his wife must find it out in time; why not tell her at once? To deceive one's wife is the first step to unhappiness. To accept her counsel, place a value upon her intuition, are sure steps toward happiness. To work with her side by side is happiness.—*Demorest's Magazine*.

### MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament than your own.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Neglect the whole world beside rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.—*The Baptist*.

### THE KEYNOTE FOR THE DAY.

The keynote for the day is usually struck by the mother in her morning mood of cheerfulness or depression. If she be a brisk and light-hearted person, with a knack of putting crooked things straight and tangled things smooth, her very step and air, and her voice, as she goes singing about the house, will make husband, children, and maids blithe and buoyant.

Little as the world suspects it, the keynote of the business office, of the shop, the factory, the exchange, is often to be discovered in the quiet home from which the merchant, the operative, or the broker has come to engage in the vocation of his daily life. A woman's face, her caressing hand, her loyal truth, her unswerving faith, are supplying the man not only with motive power, but are forming

his environment, subtle and intangible, but strongly potential all the while he is away from her. Women seldom guess how much men owe to their insistent influence, so gentle, so restraining, so taken for granted, like the atmosphere or the daily food.

A serene, true-hearted wife is a blessing which a good man appreciates, and which the most selfish man prizes more than he himself understands.

As the mother's word of the moment gives the keynote for a single day, so the mother's habitual mood, her aims, her secret ambitions, her way of looking at life, give the keynote for many days and sometimes for many lives.—*The Public Ledger*.

### THE DRUNKARD'S PET.

A young man, who lived by painting pictures, came to lodge by himself in a large town. He was not married, and had no living relations. His only companion was a pet canary bird; it was, as he often said to himself, the only thing he had to love. When he went out, he generally locked the door, and left the bird free in the room. On his entrance the little creature would fly to meet him, perch on his head or his shoulder, and peep into his face with what he fancied were loving looks.

Unhappily, the young man made some acquaintances, with whom he used often to drink; and the end of it was that one night he was found drunk in the street and taken to the lock-up. He spent some miserable hours there, and when discharged the next day, he returned to his lodging, feeling wretched; but no little bird came flying to meet him. He stood staring round the room, then rushed to the table. There lay the little pet, on its back, with its feet up; it was dead—starved to death! It had had no seed, no water, for more than two days.

The young painter sat down and cried like a child. Then it seemed as if the voice of God spoke to his soul. He rose up, and fell on his knees, with the dead bird before him, and he prayed as he had never done before. He asked God for Christ's sake, to pardon his sins and to give him help and strength to keep the resolution he then formed.

That evening, he put the dead bird in his pocket and went to the saloon. His false friends were there, and were glad to see him come. They invited him to take a seat. The young man declined, and, drawing out the dead bird and laying it on his hand, said: "Look there; that bird was all I had to love; my drunkenness killed it; but God has sent me a warning by it, and I humbly trust, by his grace, to be kept from the sin and folly hereafter."